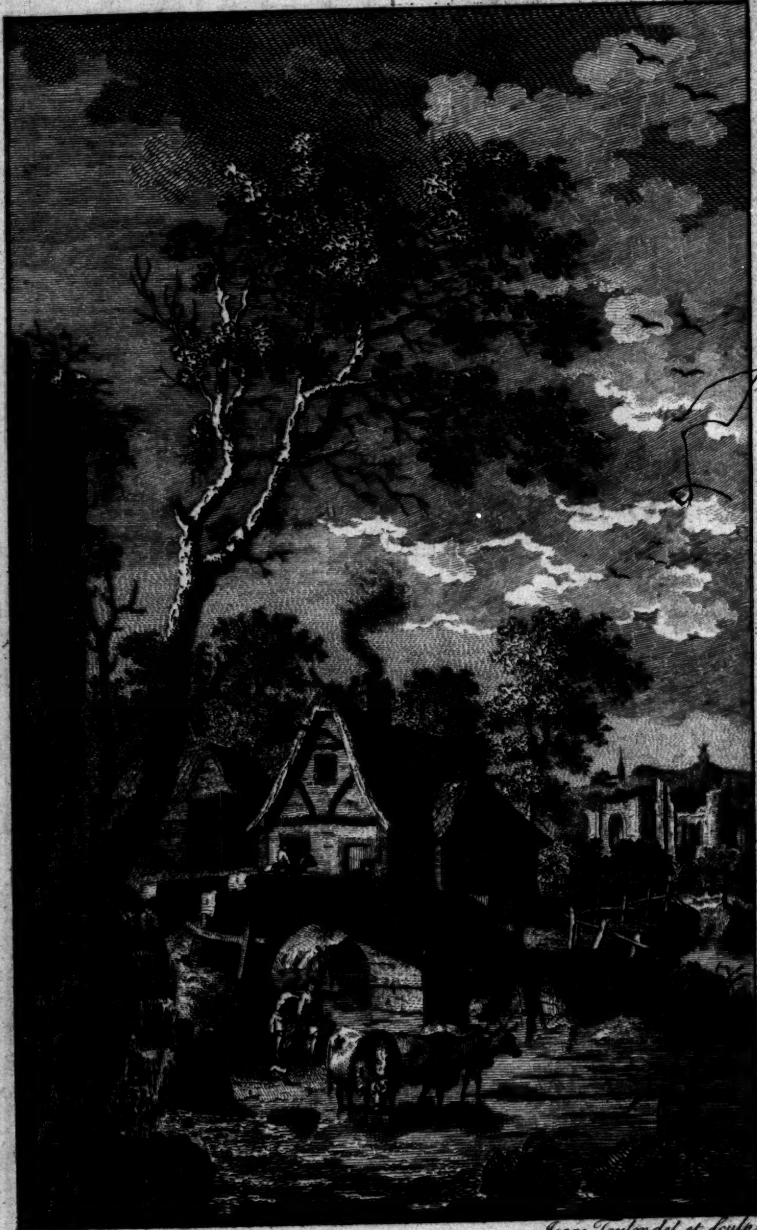


Frontispiece.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

36.9
14
P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

P A S T O R A L.

B Y

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

*Fælix ille, quem, semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum molli rus accipit umbra!*

RAPIN.

Silvestram tenui musam meditabor avena.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXVI.





A C A R D, from the
AUTHOR to D A V I D
G A R R I C K, Esq;

R E M O T E N E S S of situation, and
some other circumstances, have
hitherto deprived the Author of that
happinefs he might receive from seeing
Mr G A R R I C K.

*'Tis the universal regard his cha-
racter commands, occasions this address.*

*It may be thought by many, (at a vi-
sit so abrupt as this is) that something
highly complimentary should be said on
the*

the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the Author has conceived of Mr GARRICK's delicacy and good sense, a single period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;—and after having slept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of esteem, respectfully retires.

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Feb. 1766.

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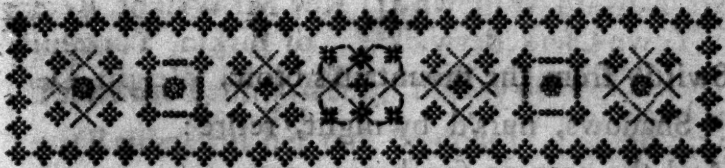
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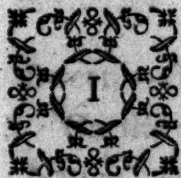
P A S T O R A L.

—*Carpe diem.*

HOR.

M O R N I N G.

I.



N the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's
clock!)

Jocund that the morning's nigh.

IV

A

II.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire :
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale :
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daifies, on the dewey dale.

VI.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy Bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

COLIN's for the promis'd corn
(E're the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious ;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray !
Nature's universal song
Echos to the rising day.

 N O O N.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows:
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat,
 Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephirs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
 Now the warblers' throats in tune;
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!



EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free ;—(the furrow'd task is done)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

XX.

Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky :
 Can the pencil's mimic skill,
 Copy the refulgent dye ?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads,
 Shelter, for the lordly dome!
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home!

XXIII.

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
 Carols to the evening loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking through a parted cloud!

XXIV.

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
 From the barn, or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

XXV.

As the Trout in speckled pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs;
 To the banks, a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings:

XXVI.

XXVI.

Tripping through the filken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
 With her well-pois'd milking pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
 And the Cuckow bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.



THE CONTEMPLATIST:
NIGHT PIECE.

Nox erat——
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, piæque volucres.

I.

THE nurse of CONTEMPLATION, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train

II.

The CONTEMPLATIST. II

II.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

III.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet, now, the gamesome kid
That gambol'd round the hill!

V.

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

VI.

VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
 That bade the clouds retire,
 Appears amongst the tufted trees
 A Phœnix nest on fire.

VII.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
 Her chariot mounts on high!
 And now, in silent pomp, she rides
 Pale regent of the sky!

VIII.

Where TIME, upon the wither'd tree
 Hath carv'd the moral chair,
 I sit, from busy passions free,
 And breathe the placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
 Its branches brav'd the sky!
 Thus, at the touch of ruthless TIME
 Shall Youth and Vigour die.

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;
It glows serenely gay!
Come SCIENCE, by my side, advance,
We'll search the Milky Way.

XI.

Let us descend——The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours. How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of MAN!

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide!——a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's ofier shed.

XIV.

14 *The* CONTEMPLATIST.

XIV.

Amongst the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

XV.

In coverts, (where the few frequent)
If VIRTUE deigns to dwell;
'Tis thus; the little lamp CONTENT,
Gives lustre to her cell.

XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep;
The poppies pendent o'er its sides
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect.—for as the river runs,
Life wings its tractless way.

XVIII.

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green,
Conceals the azure sky;
Save, where a starry space between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old ERROR, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the Shepherds fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

XXI.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little Rambler dies.

16 *The* CONTEMPLATIST.

XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides,
When hurried from the halcion cot
Where INNOCENCE presides——

XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd——and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

XXV.

'Tis thus, the pygmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

XXX

XXVI.

XXVI.

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

XXVII.

The angry elements engage!
An oak, (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough winds noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

XXVIII.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate,
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

XXIX.

A raven, from some greedy vault
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

18 *The* CONTEMPLATIST.

XXX.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to PEACE!
The port, that to its friendly home,
Compels the human race!

XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental fight,
The temporary dead.

XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace——(The little chaos past!)
The gentle moon's restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

XXXV.

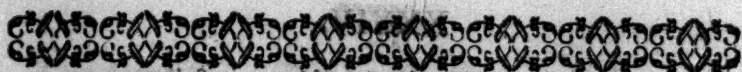
The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And HOPE, (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

XXXVI.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.



CONTENTS:

A

PASTORAL.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,

And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home,

Yellow sheafs from rich CERES her cottage had crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,

Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

II.

II.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast :

Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best :

While thrown from my guard by some glances
she cast,

Love lily stole into my breast !

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek !

So simple, yet sweet, were her charms !

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if, by yon prattler, the stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

WITH



WITH A
PRESENT.

I.

LET not the hand of AMITY be nice!
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

II.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

III.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand—their due!
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich PERU.

C O R Y D O N :

P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of *William Shenstone*, Esq;

I.

C O M E, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd C O R Y D O N laid;
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rifle their cell.

Ye

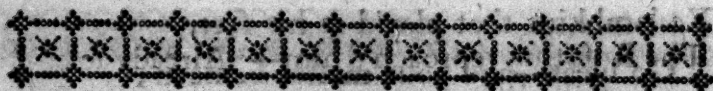
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His PHILLIS was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd,——they envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my CORYDON's flute,
 And thus——let me break it in twain.



The ROSE *and* BUTTERFLY:

A F A B L E.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied,
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd
her his bride :

She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted ; as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies ;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The

The ROSE *and* BUTTERFLY. 27

The Rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold!
'How feign'd, O you false one, that passion you told!
'Tis an age since you left me:' (She meant a few
hours;

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers)
'I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
'How—how could you stoop to a meanness like
this?

'Shall a low, little wretch, whom we roses despise,
'Find favour, O love! in my butterfly's eyes?
'On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
'Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
'Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
'And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly carefs'd.'

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
'That you're first to complain, I commend you,
my dear!

'But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,
'And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

'I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
'I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
'The

28 *The* ROSE *and* BUTTERFLY.

'The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
'You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
'Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
'Your sweets were made common, false rose, to a fly.

M O R A L.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a rake.



DAMON *and* PHEBE.

I.

W^Hen the sweet rosey morning first peep'd
from the skies,

A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise,
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the

May:

The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on
the green,

Did homage to Phebe—and hail'd her their
queen.

II.

II.

Young Damon step'd forward: he sung in her
praise,

And Phebe bestow'd him a garland of bays :
May this wreath, said the fair one, dear Lord of
my vows,

A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows :
The swains and their sweethearts that danc'd on
the green,

Approv'd the fond present of Phebe their queen.

III.

'Mong' t lords and fine ladies we shepherds
are told,

The dearest affections are barter'd for gold ;
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot :
At the church with fair Phebe since Damon
has been ;

He's rich as a monarch—she's blest as a queen.



PASTORAL HYMN

To JANUS.

On the BIRTH of the QUEEN.

*Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salutent,
—te Colat omnis bonas.*

MART. ad Janum.

I.

TO JANUS, gentle shepherds! raise a shrine:
His honours be divine!

And as to mighty PAN with homage bow:

To him, the virgin troop shall tribute bring;

Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried spring,

Spite of the wint'ry storms that stain his brow.

II.

A HYMN to JANUS. 31

II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of MAY,
Glides wantonly away :
But JANUARY, in his rough spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the BRITISH MONARCH
blest !

III.

Could the soft spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers !
Or flaunting summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare :
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd ?

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd MAY !
The laughing goddess of the spring disown'd,
HER rosy wreath shall on HIS brows appear,
Old JANUS as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful AUTUMN be dethron'd.

V.


32 A HYMN to JANUS.

V.

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad JANUS stands confest !
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by :
Where to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace !

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear ;
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair :
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories compleat,
And boast the brightest hopes, a BRITISH HEIR.

 The above little poem was wrote on supposition that her Majesty's birth-day was *really* in the month of January.

STAN-



STANZAS

ON THE

FORWARDNESS of SPRING.

tibi, flores, plenis

Ecce ferunt, nymphæ, calathis. VIR.

I.

O'ER Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure
unbound,

Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring:

Rich flow'rets (how fragrant!) rise wantonly round,

And Summer's wing'd choristers sing!

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle,

The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd!

The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,

And cowslips croud forward in haste!

E

III.

III.

Dispatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train
 Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet :
 Go—rob, of young roses, the dew-spangl'd plain,
 And strew the gay spoils at his feet.

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
 For GEORGE, oh ye virgins, entwine !
 From Conquest's own temples these evergreens
 came,
 And those from the brows of the Nine !

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
 What glory to GEORGE shall belong !
 What Miltons, (the other) what Addisons rise
 To make him immortal in song !

VI.

To a wreath of fresh Oak, England's emblem of
 pow'r !
 Whose honours with time shall encrease !
 Add a fair olive sprig just unfolding its flow'r,
 Rich token of Concord and Peace !

VII.

VII.

Next give him young Myrtles, by Beauties bright
queen

Collected,—the pride of the grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal Love!

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lillies, cropt close to the
ground,

As trophies of Conquest be ty'd:
The virgins all cry, "there's not one to be found!
"Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd."

IX.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share;
With GEORGE, as our glories advance—
Thro' envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop,—you'll
despair,
And die—like the Lillies of France.

☞ As the foregoing stanzas have appeared anonymous in some periodical papers, 'tis thought necessary to observe that they were originally inserted with the Author's name in an *Edinburgh Magazine* 1761.

On



On the APPROACH of MAY.

I.

THE virgin, when soften'd by MAY,
Attends to the villager's vows;

The birds sweetly bill on the spray,

And poplars embrace with their boughs;

On Ida bright Venus may reign,

Ador'd for her beauty above!

We shepherds that dwell on the plain,

Hail MAY as the mother of love.

II.

From the West as it wantonly blows,

Fond zephir caresses the vine:

The bee steals a kiss from the rose,

And willows and woodbines entwine:

The pinks by the rivulet side,

That border the vernal alcove,

And downward to kiss the soft tide:

For MAY is the mother of love.

III.

III.

MAY tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by MAY.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat
That MAY is the mother of love.

IV.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the MAY.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
That MAY is the mother of love.

PHIL-



PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I.

I Said,—on the banks by the stream,
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long:
 Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song!
 But PAN bade me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And PHILLIS loves pastoral verse.

II.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to PHILLIS's bloom:
 And the breeze from the bean-flow'r bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
 The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,

Tho'

Tho' brighten'd by PHEBUS's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

III.

A lilly I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with her's to compare;
And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, CORYDON, could you mistake!

Your fault be with sorrow confess,
You said the white Swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,

My PHILLIS pass'd sportive along:

Ye poets I covet no bays,

She smil'd,—a reward for my song!

I find the God PAN's in the right,

No fame's like the fair ones applause!

And CUPID must crown with delight

The shepherd that sings in his cause.



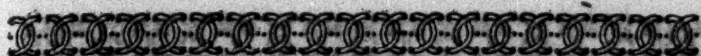
The VIOLETT.

I.
Shelter'd from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition
Laughing on the tufted bank.

II.
On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's impress:
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

III.
Modest tho' the maids declare me,
MAY in her fantastic train,
When PASTORA deigns to wear me,
Ha'nt a flower half so vain.

The



The NARCISSEUS.

I.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream
 I bow'd my snowey pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
 For what the fates deny'd;
 The fair PASTORA chanc'd to pass,
 With such an Angel air,
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

II.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine
 A self-admiring sweet,
 Permit me by your grace divine
 To kiss the fair one's feet:
 That if by chance the gentle maid,
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may,—upon her bosom laid,
 In sister sweets expire.



P O M O N A:

A P A S T O R A L.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compel'd to depart;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
The Goddess unburthen'd her heart:

II.

"To flourish where liberty reigns,
"Was all my fond wishes requir'd;
"And here I agreed with the swains,
"To live till their freedom expir'd.

III.

"Of late you have number'd my trees,
"And threaten'd to limit my store:
"Alas—from such maxims as these,
"I fear—that your freedom's no more.

IV.

IV.

" My flight will be fatal to May :

" For how can her gardens be fine ?

" The blossoms are doom'd to decay,

" (The blossoms, I mean, that were mine.)

V.

" Rich Autumn remembers me well :

" My fruitage was fair to behold !

" My pears !—how I ripen'd their swell !

" My pippins !—were pippins of gold !

VI.

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs !

" She droops as she furrows the soil ;

" A nectar I shake from my boughs,

" A nectar that softens my toil.

VII.

" When Bacchus began to repine,

" With patience I bore his abuse ;

" He said that I plunder'd the vine,

" He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

VIII.

VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies

" That trees of my culture should grow :

" But let not the traitor advise ;

" He comes from the climes of your foe.

IX.

" Alas ! in your silence I read

" The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore :

" 'Tis plain the great PAN has decreed,

" My orchard shall flourish no more."

X.

The Goddess flew off in despair ;

As all her sweet honours declin'd :

And PLENTY and PLEASURE declare,

They'll loiter no longer behind.

XIV.



A N (O 45) O
F A N C Y:

ASONG in a Pantomime Entertainment.

I.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
Captives to her fond controul;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis FANCY fires the soul.

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
FANCY flies, a fairy queen!
FANCY, wit and worth disdaining,
Gives the prize to HARLEQUIN.

III.

If the virgin's false, forgive her,
FANCY was your only foe:
CUPID claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis FANCY twangs the bow.

The

46
The FOX and the CAT:

A F A B L E.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travel'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
'Tis great, says the Fox, to make justice our guide!
'How godlike is mercy, Grimalkin reply'd.'

Whilst thus they proceeded,—a Wolf from
the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.
In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, says the wolf, I must eat.

Grimalkin's astonish'd,—The Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

What

‘What a wretch, says the cat,--’tis the vilest of brutes:

‘Does he feed upon flesh, when there’s herbage,
——and roots?’

‘Cries the Fox--while our oaks give us acorns so
good,

‘What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood?’

Well, onward they march’d, and they mora-
liz’d still,

‘Till they came where some poultry pick’d chaff
by a mill:

Sly Reynard survey’d them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A mouse too, that chanc’d from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur’d as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv’d the poor victims, and pity’d their fall;
She cry’d---of such murders how guiltless am I!
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

M O R A L.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom
we blame,

But tax not ourselves, tho’ we practise the same.

The

THE MILLER:

A BALLAD.

I.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold
estate,

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies,

Those blessings that grandeur to great ones
denies:

No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,

His constant companions are health and content;

Their lordships in lace may remark if they will,

He's honest tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

II.

Ere the larks early carrols salute the new day
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;

He

He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :

While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud, or ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest, to chaunt or to pray :
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good ;
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill ;
No monarch more, ~~blest than the man of the mill.~~





The LVIII. ODE of ANA-
CREON imitated.

AS I wove with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design,
What the fields had fresh and fine:
CUPID,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell;
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I secur'd the boy;
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frightened prize
Where the mighty goblet stood,
Teeming with a rosy flood.

Urchin,

Urchin, in my rage, I cry'd,
What avails thy saucy pride,
From thy busy vengeance free,
Triumph, now, belongs to me!
Thus—I drown thee in my cup;
Thus—in wine I drink thee up.

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder Love I quaff'd,
O'er my bosom's fond domains,
Now, the cruel tyrant reigns:
On my heart's most tender strings,
Striking with his wanton wings,
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of love.





LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG.

I.

NOW that summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolicks where the winter frown'd
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

II.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waying gold.

III.

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings brouse!
Here a flock of snowy sheep!
There an herd of motly cows!

IV.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening grey.

V.

Where the rill by slow degrees
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

VII.

VII.

On her breast the funny beam

Glitters in meridian pride;

Yonder as the virgin stream

Hastens to the restless tide:—

VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales

Wafted, o'er the green waves run.

Sweet to see their swelling sails

Whiten'd by the laughing sun!

IX.

High upon the daisied hill,

Rising from the slope of trees,

How the wings of yonder mill

Labour in the busy breeze!—

X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn

(Bouncing from her loaded pad)

Where the maid presents her corn,

Smirking, to the miller's lad.

XI.

XI.

O'er the green a festal throng
 Gambols, in fantastic trim!
 As the full cart moves along,
 Hearken——'tis their harvest hymn!

XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays
 Chorus,—and the wood-larks rise,
 Soaring with a song of praise,
 Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets
 Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,
 Settling in a silver lake!

XIV.

From his languid flocks, the swain
 By the sunbeams sore oppress,
 Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
 Plows it with his glowing breast.

XV.

562 A LANDSCAPE.

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod
Many an angler breaks the tide!

XVI.

On the isles, with others drest
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds,
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

XVII.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

XVIII.

Where the stone Cross lifts its head,
Many a faint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hills was wont to tread
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

XIX.

XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

XX.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

XXI.

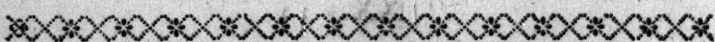
Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
 Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
 Till the distant view retires,
 Closing in an azure sky.



To the Hon. Master B—

Sent with a select Collection of Books.

THO', gentle youth, thy calm untainted
 mind,

Be like a morning in the spring, serene,
 Time may commit the passions unconfin'd,
 To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then, in the morn of placid life be wise,
 And travel thro' the groves of science soon,
 There cull the plants of virtue that may rise,
 A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

On seeing W. R. CHETWOOD
cheerful in a Prison.

I.

SAY, lov'd Content—fair goddess, say,
Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,
How shall I find thy halcion seat,
Or trace thy secret way?

II.

Love pointed out a pleasing scene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

III.

Delusion all!——a specious cheat!
At my approach the roses fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

IV.

IV.

At courts I've try'd where splendor shone,
Where pomp and gilded cares reside,
'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,
But there thou wast unknown.

V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
Lodg'd with a long experienc'd sage,
With the fam'd *CHIRON of the stage
The goddess deign'd to dwell.

VI.

Integrity, and truth serene,
Had eas'd the labours of his breast,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest
'Midst perfidy and pain.

VII.

A soul like his, disrob'd of guile,
With native innocence elate,
Above the keenest rage of fate
Can greet her with a smile.

* He had been thirty years prompter at the *London* theatres.

M E L O D Y.

Lightsome, as convey'd by sparrows,
Love and beauty cross'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains.
But so much our shepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown slier,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in PAN's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo,

Echo, by the winding river,
 Doubles his deluding strains;
 While the boy conceals his quiver,
 From the slow returning swains.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the fly musician's art;
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce your duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those that timid fly from BEAUTY,
 May by MELODY be caught!



A N
E L E G Y
O N A
P I L E of R U I N S.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!

JANUS VITALIS.

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.

SENECA.

I. V

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

II. V

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by TIME;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

III.

III.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
 Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high;
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

IV.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious night-shade, spreads;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling
 heads.

V.

There Contemplation, to the croud unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the MEMENTO at her feet.

VII.

Soon as sage ev'ning check'd day's sunny pride,
 I left the mantling shade, in moral mood;
 And seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
 Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

VII.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here TIME has pass'd—What ruin marks his
way!

This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody, her song sublime:
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of TIME.

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted Ivy tied.

X.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

I

XI.

XI.

Where the mild sun, thro' saint-encypher'd glass,
 Illum'd with yellow light yon dusky isle;
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

XII.

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path, that leads
 Where, now, the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

XIII.

Thro' the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

XIV.

Low level'd in the dust her darling's laid!
 Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

XV.

XV.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless, as the croud that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious Chieftain lie;
As trac'd amongst the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken FAME imply.

XVII.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshal'd by his side!

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, TIME,
Level'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

VX XX

XIX.

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
 Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
 And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
 Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

XX.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-singing at the silver-working loom.

XXI.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a chrystal cool supply!
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
 TIME's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them
 dry!

XXIII.

XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by masque, or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse amongst that mould'ring dust,
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more!

XXV.

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine,
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate Death?

XXVI.

No—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

XXVII.

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
 The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's
 bloom !
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king
 Level'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 " PHILIP ! remember, thou'rt no more than
 man.

XXIX.

" Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
 " Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just ;
 " PHILIP, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
 " Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust !"

XXX.

So SALADIN, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)

Re-

Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

XXXI.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of pow'r,
"This SALADIN, to whom the nations bow'd;
"May, in the space of one revolving hour,
"Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud!"

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while mem'ry weeps the blood-stain'd
field,

Where lies the chief, and where the common
man?

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
 For TIME confounds them with the crumbling
 bones,
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

XXXV.

Rests not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed;
 Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

XXXVI.

Hither, let LUXURY lead her loose-rob'd train;
 Here flutter PRIDE, on purple-painted wings:
 And, from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things!



AN INSCRIPTION

On the House at Mavis-bank near Edinburgh.

Situated in a GROVE.

Parva domus ! nemerosa quies !

Sis tu, quoque nostris

Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu !

Postea tuas, Flora ornet, Pomonaque mensas !

Conferat ut variæ fertilis hortus opes !

Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,

Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor !

Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus

Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis !

Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,

Særoque terrenas experiare vices !

Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant

Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

The INSCRIPTION *imitated.*

I.

PEACE has explor'd this filvan scene,
 She courts your calm retreat,
 Ye groves of variegated green,
 That grace my genial seat!
 Here, in the lap of lenient ease,
 (Remote from mad'ning noise)
 Let me delude a length of days,
 In dear domestic joys!

II.

Long may the parent queen of flow'rs
 Her fragrance here display!
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
 And make my portals gay!
 Nor you—my yellow gardens, fail
 To swell Pomona's hoard!
 So shall the plenteous, rich regale—
 Replenish, long, my board!

III.

III.

Pour through the groves your carols clear,

Ye birds, nor bondage dread :

If any toils entangle here,

'Tis those that love hath spread.

Where the green hill so gradual flants,

Or flowery glade extends,

Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts,

Prove social to my friends !

IV.

May you preserve perpetual bloom,

My happy halcion seat !

Or if fell time denounce thy doom,

Far distant be its date !

And when he makes, with iron rage,

Thy youthful pride his prey,

Long may the honours of thy age

Be reverenc'd in decay !

Another

76
ANOTHER INSCRIPTION on the same House.

*Hanc in gremio resonantis silvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu
Cæterisque ruris honoribus
Undique residentem villam
Non magnificam——non superbam,
At qualem vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, socians artem.
Sibi, suisque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Designavit, instruxitque.
D. I. C.*

IMITATED.

I.

IN the deep bosom of my grove
A sweet recess survey!
Where birds, with elegies of love,
Make vocal every spray.

A

An INSCRIPTION. 77

A filvan spot, with woods—with waters crown'd,—
With all the rural honours blooming round!

II.

This little, but commodious seat,

(Where nature weds with art)

A'nt to the EYE superbly great,

Its beauties charm the HEART.

Here, may the happy founder and his race,

Pass their full days in harmony and peace!



DELIA;



DELIA: A PASTORAL.

I.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
 Her glossy plumage laves,
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves.
 The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be!
 But not so sweet—blyth Cupid knows,
 As DELIA is to me.

II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young:
 Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart,
 The genial brood must be:
 But not so dear (the thousandth part!)
 As DELIA is to me.

III.

III.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale :
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale !

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My DELIA is to me.

IV.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair !
 The birds to DELIA I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair !

When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see ;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May DELIA share with me !





The Sheep and the Bramble-Bush :

A F A B L E.

A Thick-twisted brake in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep :
So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
peace,

The sheep's to his pasture inclin'd,
But ah ! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Consider before you get in ;
Tho' judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,
By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to your skin.

M A Y - E V E : Or,
K A T E of A B E R D E E N.

I.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
 With KATE of Aberdeen.

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.

L

Me-

Methinks I hear the maids declare,

The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,

As KATE of Aberdeen.

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,

We'll rouse the nodding grove ;

The nested birds shall raise their throats,

And hail the maid I love :

And see—the matin lark mistakes,

He quits the tufted green :

Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,

'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

IV.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,

Where midnight Fairies rove,

Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,

Or tune the reed to love.

For see the rosy May draws nigh :

She claims a virgin queen ;

And hark the happy shepherds cry

'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

The



The SYCAMORE SHADE:

A B A L L A D.

I.

T'Other day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!

Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—No more!

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score.

My

84 *The* SYCAMORE SHADE.

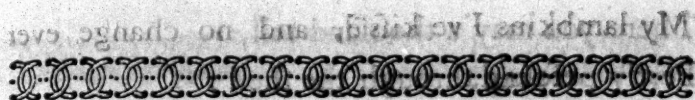
My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever
found,

Many times as we play'd on the hill :
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade
For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;
And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear shepherd be there.
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will :
There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
I'll die 'ere I bid it lie still.





The XXXIII. ODE of ANA-

CREON imitated.

To the SWALLOW.

SOON as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden sunshine blest,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the Swallow, Love, depart!
Respite for a while my heart.

No, he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand WISHES try
On their callow wings to fly;

There

There you may a thousand tell,
 Pertly peeping through the shell :
 In a state unfinish'd, rise
 Thousands of a smaller size.

Till their noisy chirpings cease,
 Never shall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
 Till mature they're fit to breed ;
 Then, to swell the crowded store,
 They produce their thousands more :
 Nor can mighty numbers count
 In my breast their vast amount.



LOVE



LOVE *and* CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

From the high mount*, whence sacred groves
depend,
Diana and her virgin troop descend;
And while the buskin'd maids with active care,
The business of the daily chace prepare:
A favourite nymph steps forward from the throng,
And thus, exulting, swells the jovial song.

A I R.

Jolly HEALTH springs aloft at the loud sound-
ing horn,
Unlock'd from soft SLUMBER's embrace;
And JOY sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,
That smiles on the nymphs of the chace.
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight,

* Mount Latmos.

88 LOVE *and* CHASTITY.

All the day with fresh VIGOUR we sweep o'er
the plains ;

And sleep with CONTENTMENT all night.

RECIT.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of love:
He flies, indignant, to the sacred grove :

Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair,

His rosy wings perfume the wanton air ;

Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs
declare.

A crimson blush o'erspreads fair Dian's face,

A frown succeeds—She stops the springing
chace,

And thus, forbids the boy the consecrated place :

AIR.

Fond disturber of the heart,

From these halcion shades depart :

Here's a blooming troop disdains

Love, and his fantastic chains.

Sisters of the silver bow,

Pure and chaste as virgin snow,

Melt not at thy feeble fires,

Wanton god of wild desires !

RECIT.

LOVE *and* CHASTITY. 89

RECIT.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
Whilst thus the angry goddess he address:

AIR.

Virgin snow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of day
Smiles, and wastes its pride away.

What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECIT.

Now, through the forest's brown-embower'd
ways,
With careless steps the young Endymion strays:
His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheek, like youthful Hebe's, fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:

M

Around

90 LOVE *and* CHASTITY.

Around the lift'ning woods attentive hung,
While thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung:

A I R.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides

Near the wood nymph's rustic grot,

If the god of Sleep resides,

Or in Pan's sequester'd cot;

Hither if he'll lightly tread,

Follow'd by a gentle dream,

We'll enjoy this grassy bed,

On the bank beside the stream.

R E C I T.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,

Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;

And now a sporting breeze his bosom shews

As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:

The Goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound;

Her silver bow falls useless to the ground!

Lovelaugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart

Unerring, to her undefended heart.

She feels in every vein the fatal fire,

And thus persuades her virgins to retire:

A I R.

LOVE *and* CHASTITY. 91

A I R.

I.

Ye tender maids be timely wise ;

Love's wanton fury shun !

In flight alone your safety lies,

The daring are undone !

II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,

With vultures fell engage !

Do lambs provoke the lion wild,

Or tempt the tyger's rage !

III.

No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,

To secret cells remove ;

Nor dare the doubtful combat try

'Twixt CHASTITY and LOVE.



D A-

Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis



DAMON *and* PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c. HOR.

D A M O N.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as
she's fair,

I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair:

But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,

For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!

To the groves with young Collin the shepherdess
flies,

While Damon disturbs the still plains with his
sighs.

P H I L L I S.

Bethink thee, false Damon, before you upbraid,

When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,

Thro'

DAMON *and* PHILLIS. 93

Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis
forgot!

And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;

A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;

'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

D A M O N.

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!

The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,

She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!

She smiles like Pomona.—These smiles I'd resign,

If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

P H I L L I S.

On the tabor young Collin so prettily plays!

He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!

He chose me his true-love last Valentine's day,

When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the
spray;

Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my
mind,

If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

D A -

94 DAMON *and* PHILLIS.

D A M O N.

Fine folk, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on
change!

In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports
to bind,

And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

P H I L L I S.

To the church then let's hasten, our transports
to bind,

And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.



F O R.



F O R T U N E:

An A P O L O G U E.

Fabula narratur.

I.

J O V E and his senators, in sage debate
For Man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause.

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race!
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place,
Let me have justice, J U P I T E R!—he Bray'd.

III.

III.

- “ I am an ass, of innocence allow'd
 “ The type, yet FORTUNE persecutes me still;
 “ Whilst foxes, wolves, and all the murdering
 crowd,
 “ Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

IV.

- “ The pamper'd horse, (he never toil'd so hard!)
 “ Favour and friendship from his owner finds:
 “ For endless diligence,—(a rough reward!)
 “ I'm cudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

V.

- “ On wretched provender compel'd to feed!
 “ The rugged pavements ev'ry night my bed!
 “ For me, dame FORTUNE never yet decreed,
 “ The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed.

VI.

- “ Rough and unseemly's my irreverent hide!
 “ Where can I visit—thus uncouthly drest?
 “ That outside elegance the dame deny'd,
 “ For which her fav'rites are too oft carefs'd.

VII.

VII.

"To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove, be kind!

"From FORTUNE'S Tyranny pronounce me
free!

"She's a deceiver, if she says she's blind,

"She sees, propitiously sees all—but me."

VIII.

The plaintiff cou'd articulate no more;

His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!

The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,

Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built
throne.

IX.

The Monarch with an all-commanding Sound,

(Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of
space)

Gave order, that dame FORTUNE should be found,

To answer, as she might, the plaintiff's case.

X.

Soldiers, and citizens, a seemly train!

And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell;

N

With

With many a schoolman—But their search was
vain :

Few can the residence of FORTUNE tell.

XI.

Where the wretch *Avarice* was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
'Twas rumour'd that dame FORTUNE did reside,
And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
A feeble porter at the gate they found :
Doubled with wretchedness—with age distressed,
And on his wrinkled forehead *Famine* frown'd.

XIII.

Mortals avaunt, the trembling spectre cries,
“ 'Ere you invade these sacred haunts, beware!
“ To guard Lord *Avarice* from rude surprize,
“ I am the centinel—my name is *Care*.

XIV.

“ *Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of mind,*
“ These are the soldiers that surround his hall:
“ And

“ And every *Fury* that can lash mankind,

“ *Rage, Rancour* and *Revenge* attend his call.

XV.

“ FORTUNE’s gone forth, you seek a wand’ring
dame,

“ A settled residence the harlot scorns:

“ Curse on such visitants, she never came,

“ But with a cruel hand she scatter’d thorns!

XVI.

“ To the green vale, yon shelt’ring hills surround,

“ Go forward, you’ll arrive at *Wisdom’s* cell:

“ Wou’d you be taught where FORTUNE may
be found,

“ None can direct your anxious search so well.”

XVII.

Forward they went, o’er many a dreary spot:

(Rough was the road, as if untrod before)

Till from the casement of a low-roof’d cot

Wisdom perceiv’d them, and unbarr’d her door.

XVIII.
Wisdom, (she knew of FORTUNE but the name)

Gave to their questions a serene reply :

“ Hither, she said, if e’er that goddess came

“ I saw her not—the pass’d unnotic’d by.”

XIX.

“ Abroad with *Contemplation* oft I roam,

“ And leave to *Poverty* my humble cell :

“ She’s my domestic, never stirs from home,

“ If FORTUNE has been here, ’tis she can tell.

XX.

“ The Matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,

“ And see her sober footsteps this way bent !

“ Mark by her side, a little rose-lip’d maid,

“ ’Tis my young daughter, and her name’s
Content.”

XXI.

As *Poverty* advanc’d with lenient grace,

“ FORTUNE, she cry’d, hath never yet been
 here :

“ But

" But *Hope*, a gentle neighbour of this place,
" Tells me, her Highness may, in time, appear.

XXII.

" *Felicity*, no doubt, adorns their lot,
" On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
" Yet tho' she never reach our rustic cot,
" *Patience* will visit us—we sha'nt repine."

XXIII.

After a vast (but unavailing) round,
The messengers returning in despair,
On an high hill a fairy mansion found,
And hop'd the goddess, FORTUNE, might be
there.

XXIV.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er)
Had not a casement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

XXV.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice

Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place :
 Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

XXVI.

As *Echo* from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew:
 (Like the light mist by early sunbeams drove)
 And FORTUNE stood reveal'd to public view.

XXVII.

Oft for that happiness high courts deny'd,
 To this receptacle dame FORTUNE ran:
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide,
 From the wild suits of discontented *Man*.

XXVIII.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
 FORTUNE receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
 And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment seat.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd; tho' from diff'rent motives
keen:

Many—to see dame FORTUNE's radiant face,
Many—by radiant FORTUNE to be seen.

XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
Fair FORTUNE's an adventurer, it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

XXXI.

“ Daughter, says JUPITER, you're sore accus'd!
“ *Clamour* incessantly reviles your name!
“ If, by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
“ Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

XXXII.

“ Tho' pester'd daily with complaints from *Man*,
“ Through this conviction I record them not;
“ Let my kind providence do all it can,
“ None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

- “ But the poor quadrupede that now appeals!
 “ Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue!
 “ Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
 “ And all his wretchedness he lays to you.”

XXXIV.

- “ Ask him—high JUPITER—reply'd the dame,
 “ In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
 “ Is FORTUNE (a divinity) to blame
 “ That she descends not to regard—an Ass?”

XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
 The dame, defendant, was discharg'd with
 grace!
 Go—(to the plaintiff, said the Sire) and try
 By merit to surmount your low-born race.

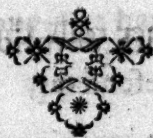
XXXVI.

Learn from the *Lion* to be just and brave,
 Take from the *Elephant* instruction wise;
 With gracious breeding like the *Horse* behave,
 Nor the sagacity of *Hounds* despise.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

These useful qualities with care imbibe,
For which some quadrupedes are justly priz'd:
Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd.



BALLADS.

106
F. O. R. (T. 601) 7



BALLADS, &c.

The WARNING.

I.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the
prude,

If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was
rude ;

Tho' he beg'd, with devotion, some ease for his
pain,

The shepherd got nothing but frowns and dis-
dain.

Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

II.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the
net,

But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquet !

She

She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
By Fanny,—gay, young, unaffected, and fair!
When she found he had merit, and love took
his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

IV.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two slighted old maids.
Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they
repent
For transports untasted, for moments misspent!
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently
can.



AMPHITRION.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRION and his bride, a godlike pair !
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
 On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
 With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
 Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung:

A I R.

Was mighty Jove descending,
 In all his wrath divine,
 Enrag'd at my pretending
 To call this charmer mine;
 His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride:
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECIT.

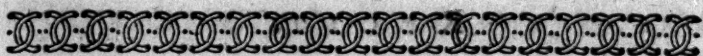
R E C I T.

The Thunderer heard,—he look'd with ven-
 geance down,
 Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
 The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
 Compel'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies;
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her
 charms,
 And punish'd HIS presumption in HER arms.

A I R.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
 Who reveals it not, when won.
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure:
 Boast it—and the fool's undone!
 Learn by this, unguarded lover,
 When your secret sighs prevail,
 Not to let your tongue discover
 Raptures that it shou'd conceal.

K I T T Y



KITTY FELL.

I.

THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
 May praise the toasted Belle;
 A country maid (in careless rhyme)
 I sing—my Kitty Fell!

II.

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
 And Love's sweet numbers swell,
 My pipe shall join their morning strain,
 In praise of Kitty Fell.

III.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
 And noontide beams repel,
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
 And sing of Kitty Fell.

KITTY

When

IV.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I'll pour, with her, my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

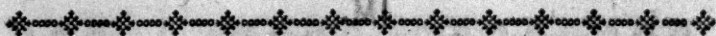
V.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
The sage forsakes his cell:
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

VI.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell,
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.





A MAN to my MIND.

(Wrote at the Request of a Lady.)

I.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I
find

(I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion
and lace;
Not the 'squire, that can wake to no joys but
the chace;
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals
can bind:
Neither this--that--nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

III.

III.

Not the ruby-faced sot, that topos world
without end;
Not the drone, that can't relish his bottle and
friend;
Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl
that's unkind:
Neither this--that--nor t'other's the man to
my mind.

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breed-
ing or merit;
Not the Flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind!
Neither this--that--nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

V.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may
conspire,
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair
should admire;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour
combin'd:

This--this--and no other's the man to my mind.



The TOAST: A CATCH.

GIVE THE TOAST, my good fellow, be
jovial and gay,

And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!

HERE'S THE KING—take your bumpers, my
brave British souls,

Who guards your fair freedom should crown
your full bowls.

LET HIM LIVE—long and happy, see Lewis
brought down,

And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.





THYRSIS.

I.

THE pendant forest seem'd to nod,
In drowsy fetters bound;

And fairy elves in circles trod

The daisy-painted ground:

When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,

Of slighted vows to tell,

And thus (to sooth neglected love)

Invok'd sad Philomel.

II.

"The stars their silver radiance shed,

"And silence charms the plain;

"But where's my Philomela fled,

"To sing her nightly strain?

"Hither, ah gentle bird, in haste

"Direct thy hov'ring wing:

"The vernal green's a dreary waste,

"Till you vouchsafe to sing.

III.

III.

" So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,

" (Thy warbling song distress't)

" The tear that tells the lover's woe

" Falls cold upon my breast.

" To hear sad Philomel complain,

" Will soften my despair;

" Then quickly swell the melting strain,

" And sooth a lover's care."

IV.

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,

A list'ning sage reply'd,

For what can constancy obtain

From unrelenting pride?

The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant death

Had seiz'd his trembling frame;

He bow'd, and with departing breath,

Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.





HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

IN holyday gown, and my newfangled hat,
 Last Monday I tript to the fair:
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
 Brisk Roger I guess'd wou'd be there.
 He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
 (The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
 Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
 And swore that she'd not be deny'd.
 A topknot he bought her, and garters of green,
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
 I hate her so much, that to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

III.

III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear!
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore!
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
 That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er.
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 And sweetly their burthen he sung:
 Good faith he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire;
 (Our cottage was distant a mile)
 I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
 And handed me over the stile.
 His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in
 his eye,
 He led me the meadows among,
 There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed—for I was not too young.



The HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
 With fond impatience lay;
 He counted every anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day.

The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind;
 But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That woman's vows are—wind.

II.

The fickle sex, the boy defy'd;
 And swore, in terms prophane,
 That Beauty in her brightest pride
 Might sue to him in vain.
 When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemon made
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

III.

III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd

Before Pastora came :

Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find

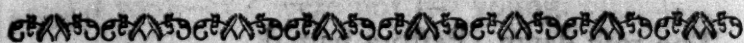
In every heart's the same ;

For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,

With such bewitching power,

I quite forgot the wishing guest

That waited in the bower.



NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great
Britain's success,

And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;

Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,

To summon the deities all to a treat :

Blithe Comus was plac'd

To guide the gay feast,

And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;

Yet vow'd to his thinking,

For exquisite drinking,

Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

II.

II.

The great God of war, to encourage the fun
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
 Of Stingo, the stoutest, the brightest and best:
 No Gods—they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,
 With liquor so lively—so potent and clear:
 And each deified fellow,
 Got jovially mellow,
 In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle Beer.

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
 Repents he drank Helicon Water so long:
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
 And gave the gay board an extempore song;
 But 'ere he began,
 He tofs'd off his cann:
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
 Then sang with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit,
 His godship had found in the Newcastle Beer.

Q

IV.

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

IV.

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides so bold;
 It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
 Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.

The horrible crew
 That Hercules slew,
 Were Poverty--Calumny--Trouble--and Fear:
 Such a club wou'd you borrow,
 To drive away sorrow,
 Apply for a *quantum* of Newcastle Beer.

V.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid and pale!
 Whom Love, like the cholic, so rudely infects;
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
 And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts:

Dull whining despise,
 Grow rosy and wise,
 Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
 Bid adieu to your folly,
 Get drunk and be jolly,
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

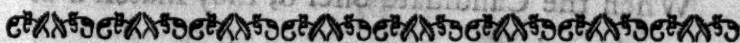
VI.

VI.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom *Physic* prescribes,
 Whom bolus and potion have harrafs'd to death!
 Ye wretches, whom *Law* and her ill-looking tribes,
 Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of
 breath!

Here's shelter and ease,
 No craving for fees,
 No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
 Your spirits this raises,
 It cures your diseases,

There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.



An ELECTION BALLAD.

I.
NOT an hundred years since, when elections
 went round,
 Old Honour and Truth were in Burgundy
 drown'd;

The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,
 Wide open'd their stomachs, but clos'd up their
 eyes.

Derry down, &c.

II.

II.

They were blind to true merit, let PARTY
prevail,
And JUDGMENT no longer right ballanc'd her
scale;

In Wine, was fair FREEDOM remember'd no
more,

And CASH kick'd old LIBERTY out of the door.

Derry down, &c.

III.

When the Candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at
the coin,

Nor spar'd the brown bumper, nor venal firloin,

Eat and drank when they could, 'twas conclu-
ded, my friends,

They might fast when the candidate compass'd
his ends.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Let the case now be alter'd, let talents be try'd;
Let national virtue alone be your guide;

Let

Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
And vote for our country, forgetful of self.

Derry down, &c.

V.

Let honour, let honesty, stand in our view,
To freedom be constant, to liberty true;
Let me tell you, my friends, the right nail you
have hit,

If you fix on the man that's a friend to old Pitt.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles
shake,

But weigh the case well, for your safety's at stake:
For him that has honour and truth for his plan,
Give your voices, my boys, and 'tis S——e's the
Man!

Derry down, &c.



A N O T H E R.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with
good cheer,

And, forc'd to drink water, despise our brown
beer;

That there's truth in full bumpers, it can't be
deny'd,

Then tofs off your glaffes—let truth be our guide!
Derry down, &c.

II.

Poor Lewis, the little, full fatally knows,
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;
And the firloin (now knighted) that smokes on
the board,

May in times of preferment be titled my Lord.
Derry down, &c.

III.

III.

Let the scribblers exclaim, they're a finical
tribe!

May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a
bribe?

If cash does not circulate properly—trade
Grows lazy, and lags, like a founder'd old jade.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But to banter no longer—our candidates seem
Men of honour, of worth, and of public esteem;
It were well for dame Britain, her freedom, and
laws,

If such, and such only, e'er handled her cause.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,
Their contest is meant for their countrymen's
good;

When danger alarms us, or glory commands,
Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

VI.

That they both have their merits it must be
allow'd,

But sons of cool reason step forth from the crowd,
If weighty experience can ballance the day,
Give your voices, my boys, 'tis for S——e, huzza!
Derry down, &c.

A N O T H E R.

I.

WHere the rich Wear*, with wand'ring grace,
In gay profusion runs,
The guardian genius of the place,
Harangued his freeborn sons:
The burthen of his sacred strain
Was "Shaftoe live! live gen'rous Vane!"

II.

"Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,
"Rever'd in Gothic pride,
"And Wisdom with meridian smiles
"Expands on every side:
"Distinguish'd in bright Honour's train,
"Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

III.

* The river Wear that runs through the city of Durham.

III.

“ The noble heart, that truth refines,
 “ (With conscious worth replete)
 “ More useful than Peruvian mines,
 “ Adds virtues to the state:
 “ Such patriot virtues as remain
 “ With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

IV.

“ Confirm, my sons, confirm my choice,
 “ And call my fav’rites forth,
 “ Since fame approves the gen’ral voice,
 “ And merit stamps their worth :
 “ None can your sacred rights maintain,
 “ Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.”

V.

The Genius ceas’d—from every part
 Applause like lightning ran;
 Conviction fir’d each glowing heart,
 And catch’d from man to man.
 Loud echoes fill’d the glad’ning plain,
 With Shaftoe live!—live gen’rous Vane!

R

STAN-



S T A N Z A S

On the Death of his MAJESTY King
GEORGE II.

Pallida mors, æquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. H O R.

TENANTS of liberty on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vast unnumber'd
store!

'Tis gone, the mighty GEORGE's golden reign!
Your Pan, your great defender is no more.

II.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Albion's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring,
In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,
And, silent, mourn the venerable king.

II.

On the Death of K. GEORGE II. 1311

III.

Hark ! how the winds, oft bounteous to his will,
That bore his conqu'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
After a pause, pathetically still,
Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forests roar.

IV.

On CONQUEST's cheek the vernal roses fail ;
Whilst laurel'd VICTORY distressful bows !
And HONOUR's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our GEORGE's
brows.

V.

The muses mourn—an ineffectual band !
Each sacred harp without an owner lies ;
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,
For ah ! their patron, their protector dies.

VI.

BEAUTY no more, the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by Love's designful labour dress'd)
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

VII.

VII.

RELIGION lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below;
Whilst MELANCHOLY fills the vaulted isle
With the slow music of a nation's woe.

VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate,
Must monarchs mix'd with common mortals
try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die?

IX.

Must the gay court be chang'd for horror's cave;
Must mighty Kings that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitied grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law?

X.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Frederick's
ear,

He'll

* Frederick King of Prussia.

On the Death of K. GEORGE II. 133

He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

XI.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The solemn truth by sage reflection taught,
That, spight of glory, Fred'rick's self shall die.

XII.

The parent's face a prudent painter hides*,
While death devours the darling of his age :
NATURE, the stroke of pencil'd ART derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage,

XIII.

So let the muse her sablest curtain spread,
By sorrow taught her nerveless power to know :
When nation's cry, their king, their father's dead,
The rest is dumb, unutterable woe!

XIV.

* In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles despairing to express the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

134 *On the Death of K. GEORGE II.*

XIV.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,

And with returning hope a people cheers:

Look at yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd:

How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

XV.

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh,

He droops, distressed like a declining flower,

Till GLORY, from her radiant sphere on high,

Hails him, to hold the regal reins of power.

XVI.

The fainted fire to realms of bliss remov'd,

(Like the fam'd Phoenix) from his pyre shall
spring

Successive Georges, gracious, and below'd,

And good and glorious as the parent King.



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136

PROLOGUES,
AND
EPILOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE,
*Spoke by Mr. FRODSHAM, at York, on
the Opening of the Theatre after it
was elegantly enlarged.*

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrol-
ling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night attended by a tempest came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter skelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Phi-

Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
 While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
 With more benevolence than one that's richer,
 He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
 And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
 Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd
 sallies,

Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
 (Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)
 Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours;
 Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
 I know not: But it's certain she commanded,
 Our humble theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
 But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended:
 And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye:
 'Tis in that circle [*Pointing to the boxes*] she de-
 signs to meet ye.

Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
 But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.



A P R O L O G U E,

*Spoke at the opening an elegant little
Theatre at Whitby.*

FROM Shakespear,—Johnson,—Congreve,—
Rowe,—and others—

The laurel'd list--the true Parnassian brothers!
Hither we're sent,--by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's com-
pliance;

Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!

Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And TASTE's determin'd by their approbation,

The tragic muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form, with terror:
And as the fiend departs--abash'd!--discarded--
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.

S

The

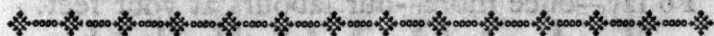
The comic glass--from modern groupes collected,
 Shews fops and fools of every class--dissected :
 It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
 And proves that haughty prudes may have their
 failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
 We'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome
 fatire.

Now for our bark--the vessel's tight--and able!
 New built!--new rigg'd!--[*Pointing to the scenes*]
 with canvass--mast--and cable!

Let her not sink,--or be unkindly stranded,
 Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
 For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,
 'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather:
 Nor halcion seas,--nor gentle gale attend us,
 Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.





A P R O L O G U E,

*On opening the Theatre at Whitby,
the ensuing Season.*

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home ;
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue bosoms---'Twixt the seas and
skies--

When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing extasies, by Fancy drest,
What filial sentiments expand his breast !
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts--dangers--and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn !
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return !

With

With such warm ardours, you behold us meet,
To lay--once more--our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)

We bend with gratitude for favours past.

That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale--nor started ev'n a splinter;

We bow to Beauty--('twas those smiles secur'd
her)

And thank our patrons who so kindly moor'd her.

Still--still--extend your gentle cares to save her,

That she may anchor long in Whitby's--favour.



A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke by Mr BRIMYARD, in the Character
of a SAILOR, on opening the New Theatre
at North-Shields.*

[Without.

Hollo! my masters, where d'ye mean to stow
us?

We're come to see what pastime ye can shew us;
Sal, step aloft,—you shan't be long without me,
I'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.

[Enters.

Tom and Dick Topfail are above—I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth, and Sal--fit near 'em:
Sal's a smart lass, I'd hold a butt of stingo
In three week's time she'd learn the playhouse
lingo:

She loves your plays, she understands their mean-
ing,

She calls 'em—MORAL RULES made enter-
taining;

Your Shakespear books, she knows 'em to a tittle.
And I, myself (at sea) have read—a little.

At London, Sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting,
Mafs! I cou'd like 'em and their whole 'PARATUS,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd SONATAS;
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play--God save the King and Nancy Dawson.

[Looking about.

Well--tho' the frigate's not so much dedoyzen'd,
'Tis snug enough!--'Tis clever for the size on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-lane or Common-Garden.

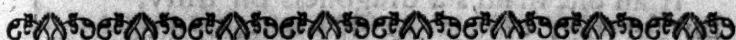
[Bell rings.

Avast!--A signal for the launch, I fancy:
*What say you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and
Nancy,
Since they have trim'd the pleasure-barge so
tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come see them nightly!

The

* To the Gallery.

The jolly crew will do their best endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours.
A luckier fate, they swear, can ne'er behap 'em
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you—clap
'em.



An EPILOGUE,

*Spoke by Mrs BROOKE, at Norwich, in
the Character of Mrs DEBORAH WOOD-
cock, in Love in a Village.*

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil like, she's skill'd in penetration,
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
When deeply mellow'd in reserve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid--I wish the wise would tell us,
Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows!

In maxims sage! in eloquence how clever!
Without a subject she can talk--for ever!

Rich

Rich in old laws, can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote upon occasion, *lawyer's Latin*.

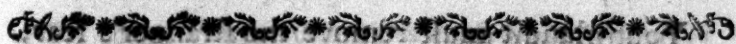
Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobis corum*,
'Tis done--and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoness on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
To keep them in restraint by decent--slander:
When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair design'd 'em.

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
LAW, with long facts and busy mischiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undeny'd, and the assertions common,
That modern *Physic* is a mere old woman.
The puny fop that simpers o'er his tea dish,
And cries--indeed--Miss Deb'rah's--quite old
maidish!
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all respects is but a virgin *cretin*.

Jest-

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting!
 There's nothing in the state itself disgusting;
 Old maids, as well as matrons, bound in marriage,
 Are valu'd from propriety of carriage; -- and if
 If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide 'em,
 It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em,
 And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
 A certain truth! say--Deb'rah Woodcock said it.



A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs BELLAMY'S
 first Appearance there.*

IN early days, when error sway'd mankind,
 The scene was censur'd, and the stage confin'd;
 As the fine arts a nobler taste supply'd,
 Old prejudice grew fainter--droop'd--and dy'd.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date,
 If she'd arrive at a meridian height;
 From sanction is the English stage become
 Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

T

If

If from that stage, an actress fill'd with fears,
 New to this northern scene, to-night appears,
 Intent--howe'er unequal to the flight,
 To hit--what criticks call--the *happy right* :
 She builds not on your sister's† fond applause,
 But timidly to you submits her cause.
 For taste refin'd may as judicial sit
 Here--as she found her, in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear;
 The sons of genius are the least severe:
 Some favour, from the fair, she's sure to find,
 So sweet a circle cannot but be kind;
 Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
 And hopes you gracious--as we know you just.

† London.



A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke by Mr DIGGS, on opening the
Edinburgh Theatre in 1763.*

TO rectify some errors, that of late
Had crept into the bosom of our state;
To court PROPRIETY, a matron chaste!
To make strong leagues 'twixt NOVELTY and
TASTE;
To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive,
To spare no pains to make the drama thrive:
These are the labours that to-night commence,
By BEAUTY* sanction'd, and approv'd by SENSE||.

Suppose some Corydon—some country swain,
Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn should seek the dappled glade,
To form a nosegay for the fav'rite maid:
When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the fairest from the flowery ranks,

He'd

* The Boxes.

|| The Pit.

He'd range in order every blooming sweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of fancy we'll explore,
And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
Of choicest fragrance, and of various hue,
To form those chaplets we compose for you.

Now to attack you in a martial strain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may succeed,
Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Tho' universal patronage be here)
Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
Some kind impressions for our new supplies.



A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke by Mr DIGGS, at Edinburgh, to
the MUSE of OSSIAN, a little
Piece adapted to the Stage, from the
celebrated Poem of OSSIAN the Son
of FINGAL.*

TO form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit;
To touch a sacred muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Tho' caution told him—the presumption's
glaring !
Dauntless, he cry'd—" It is but nobly daring !
" Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
" Nor wish the golden treasure stamp'd dramatic !
" Here are no lines—in measur'd pace, that trip it,
" No modern scenes—so lifeless !—so insipid !

Wrought

"Wrought by a muse--(no sacred fire debarr'd
her)

"'Tis nervous!--noble!--'tis true northern ardour!

"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaim-
ing,

"(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)

"In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,

"One of their highland hills they'll call Par-
nassus;

"And from the sacred mount, decrees shall follow,

"That Ossian was himself--the true Apollo."

Spite of this flash--This high poetic fury,

He trembles for the verdict of his jury:

As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,

But gives the native Ossian to your candour:

To an impartial judgment we submit him,

Condemn--or rather (if you can) acquit him.



An EPILOGUE,

To the MUSE of OSSIAN.

IN fond romance let fancy reign creative!
 Valour amongst the northern hills is native;
 The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Offian's story,
 Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
 Nor cou'd the stormy clime with all its rigour,
 Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.

When honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to
 ponder,
 And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
 The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
 For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
 The bard, at home, had ev'ry power descriptive;
 He swell'd the sacred song--enhanc'd the story,
 And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
 The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
 The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
 Look round, ye infidels, and stand confuted:
 And for your bards, the letter'd world have known

They're such--The sacred Ossian can't disown

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong
 you,

And that your usual candour reigns among you,
 Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
 And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.



An EPILOGUE,

*Spoke by Mrs BELLAMY, at Edinburgh,
in Character of Lady FANCIFUL.*

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vain misshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd her, till her pow'r became despotic;
Till ev'ry wou'd-be beauty in the nation,
Did homage at the shrine of AFFECTATION.
But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile, delightful!
The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her *bagatelles*--her whine--her whim-
per--
Her loll--her lisp--her saunter--stare--her sim-
per;

U

All

All, *outrés* all--no native charm about her,
And Ridicule wou'd soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it :
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To insipidity she gives——grimaces.

Without her dear coquetish arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies might be just as—nature made 'em,
Such sensible--sincere--domestic creatures,
The jest of modern *belles*, and *petit maitres*!

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom's--here a stranger ;
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her ;
For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.





An EPILOGUE,

*Spoke at Edinburgh, by Mrs BELLAMY,
to Anthony and Cleopatra.*

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian,
Is finely drawn; it glows in the description!
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,
So many different *gouts* divide the nation.

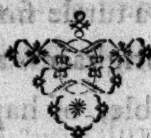
The man of sense disdains the soft'ning passion;
The coxcomb is enamour'd of--the fashion;
The *bon vivant* prefers the feast convival;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival:
Besides the gentle race--the *petit maitres*!
The set insensible, of happy *creturs*;
So coy--so cold--that beauty ne'er can warm 'em;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm
'em.

But

But hold--I run too fast without reflection,
 (Each general rule admits of some exception)
 Here*, 'tis allow'd, imperial beauty governs,
 And there†, the conquer'd sex adore their sove-
 reigns.

Let me--to wave this *bagatelle*!--declare,
 The grateful homage of an heart sincere,
 I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
 And glory in my patrons of to-night.

* Boxes. † Pit.



A P R O L O G U E,

*Spoke by Mr DIGGS, at Edinburgh, to
Rule a Wife.*

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew!
A strange irregular he sets in view!

'Mongst us--thank heaven--the character's un-
known,

Bards have creative faculties we own;

And this appears a picture from his brain,

Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,

'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;

Their merit, by the foil, conspicuous made,

And they'd seem brighter from contrasting shade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,

Nor should such antiquated maxims hold;

Shall subject man assert superior sway,

And dare to bid the angel sex obey!

Or

Or if permitted to partake the throne,
 Despotic, call the reigns of power his own!
 Forbid it all that's gracious--that's polite!
 (The fair to liberty have equal right)
 Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's school,
 That every husband has a right to rule.

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
 Where neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness
 burns,

Where male and female condescend by turns;
 Change then the phrase--the horrid text amend,
 And let the word *obey*, be--*condescend*.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

An EULOGIUM on MASONRY:

Spoke by Mr DIGGS, at Edinburgh.

HAIL sacred *Masonry*, of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of *truth*, with never-failing sway,
Makes the join'd parts of *symmetry* obey!

Hail to the *craft*, at whose serene command
The gentle *arts* in glad obedience stand;
Whose magic stroke bids fell *confusion* cease,
And to the finish'd *orders* yield its place;
Who calls *creation* from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

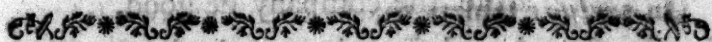
To works of art her merit's not confin'd!
She regulates the morals, *squares* the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;

On

On *virtue's* tablets marks each sacred rule,
 And forms her *lodge* an universal school;
 Where *nature's* mystic laws unfolded stand,
 And *sense*, and *science*, join'd, go hand in hand.

O! may her social rules instructive spread,
 Till *truth* erect her long neglected head!
 Till, through deceitful *night*, she dart her ray,
 And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of *day*!
 Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
 Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
 And the whole human race be bound in bro-
 ther's love.





An EPILOGUE,

In Character of LADY TOWNLY, in the
Provok'd Husband.

A T lady--let me recollect--whose night is't!
No matter--at a circle the politest;
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

“ A wife reclaim'd, and by an husband's rigour!
“ A wife with all her appetites in vigour!
“ Lard!--~~she~~ must make a lamentable figure. }

“ Where was her pride! Of ev'ry spark divest-
ed!

“ To mend, because a prudish husband press'd it!

“ What--to prefer his dull domestic quiet,

“ To the dear scenes of *hurricane* and *riot*!

“ Parties disclaim'd--the happy *roué* rejected!

“ Because at ten she's by her spouse expected!

“ Oh hideous!--how immensely out of nature!

“ Don't ye, my dears, despise the servile creature?

Prudence, altho' the company be good,
Is often heard, and sometimes understood,
Suppose—to justify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this concise oration.

“Ye giddy groupe of fashionable wives,
“That in continued riot waste your lives;
“Did ye but see the demons that ascend;
“The cares convulsive that on cards attend;
“The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
“(*Rage reddens here—there avarice despairs*)
“You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,
“To the domestic blessings you despise.

“Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
“('Tis trite, but true) quadrille will murder
beauty.”

Taste is abash'd (the culprit,) I'm acquitted,
They praise the character they lately pity'd;
They promise to reform—relinquish play,
So break the tables up at—break of day.

An



An EULOGIUM on
CHARITY:

*Spoke at Alnwick, in Northumberland,
at a Charitable Benefit Play, 1765.*

TO bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease,
To tell *anxiety*—I give thee peace;
To quell *adversity*—or turn her darts,
To stamp *fraternity* on gen'rous hearts :
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid !
Softer than dew-drops to the sunburnt glade !
She's gracious as an unpoluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream !
Pity and *Peace* precede her as she flies,
And *Mercy* beams benignant in her eyes !

From

From her high residence, from realms above,
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her sister's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.
An artless grace the conscious heart bestows
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the ver-
nal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live!
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant time rever'd,
Sweet Charity amidst his ruins spar'd,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals faves their name.

* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured the charity
with her presence.

Both lawless, alike, have been sentenced to war-
Then rash his full time we speak to the nation,
To be told in this his history of the nation,
And reader as a good reader's duty,
And, that word is to understand, as to know to
And I am proud to be the first

But I have been in her
Well

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs G——, in an itinerant Company, on reviving the MERCHANT of VENICE, at the Time of the Bill passing for naturalizing the Jews.

'T WIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions or places,

And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;
Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much
by slander,

Both lawless, alike, have been sentenced to wander;

Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome to
speak it!

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I take it.

Well

Well--now to the point--I'm sent here with
commission,

To present this fair circle our humble petition :
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding;
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we
can rake up,

Like our good brothers--Abraham, Isaac, and
Jacob ;

We must frankly confess we have nought to
present ye,

But Shakespear's old sterling--pray let it content
ye.

Old *Shylock*, the Jew, whom we mean to restore
ye,

Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye,

Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion,

For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs G—, at her Benefit.

UNtaught to tread the Muses various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way;
His consort next, she guides her chatt'ring train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next stalks the turkey-cock, above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest;
The screaming goose, and wadling duck come
last:

Alike partakers of the free repast!

The

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest)
With insolence, and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit shou'd provide him meat,
And thinks the hostess thank'd, that he vouch-
saf'd to eat.

A linnet, perching on a neighb'ring tree,
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most at free expence will do;
Then singling from the mercenary throng,
Repay'd the generous donor with a song.

Could well wrought numbers with my wish
agree,

The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence, from my want of skill,
Accept, kind patrons! of a warm good will,



An EPILOGUE,

*Design'd to be spoke at Alnwick, on re-
signing the Playhouse to a Party de-
tach'd from the Edinburgh Theatre.*

TO Alnwick's lofty seat, a silvan scene!
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go--says the god of wit, my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great* and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now, go spread my banners
there,

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
Here--we behold a gently waving wood!
There--we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood!
The landscape smiles!--the fields gay fragrance
wear!

Soft scenes are all around--refreshful air!
Slender repast indeed, and but cameleon fare!

Y

A

* The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Warkworth, &c.

A troop, at certain times, compel'd to shift,
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
 By tyrant managers a while consign'd,
 To fatten on what forage they can find;
 With lawless force our liberty invades,
 And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
 But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
 To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
 And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the
 favours

So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours;
 To the great and the fair we rest thankfully
 debtors,

And wish we cou'd say, we gave place to our
 betters.



A P R O L O G U E,

*For some Country Lads, performing the
Devil of a Wife in the Christmas
Holidays.*

IN days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth, and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale;
In struts St George, old England's champion
knight,
With hasty steps, impatient to recite
"How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight."

From ev'ry side--from Troy--from ancient
Greece,

Princes pour in to swell the motley piece;
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

In-

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
 Like theirs, our simple stage play comes to birth.
 Our want of art we candidly confess,
 But give you nature in her homespun dress;
 No heroes here--no martial men of might!
 A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
 His straps, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
 For it can tame that dragoness, a scold;
 Indulgent, then, support the cobbler's cause,
 And tho' he mayn't deserve it, smile applause.



PROLOGUE *to the*
RECRUITING OFFICER.

*Spoke at Shrewsbury, where Mr FAR-
QUHAR is said to have wrote that Comedy.*

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades;
From groves of bliss, poetic painted meads,
Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless lawrels
come,

Obedient to his own recruiting drum;
Conscious, to-night, of the superior grace,
The nobler beauties that adorn this place;
Here would he fix--enraptur'd, here abide,
And change Elysium for the *Severn's* fide.

Let boasting Rome of one Mæcenas tell,
Countless are those that by the Severn dwell.
Parnassus mount let future bards disclaim,
Hark, how the Rekin's† hospitable name,
Swells in the voice of Farquhar, and of fame. }

* Mr Farquhar dedicated the Recruiting Officer to his Friends.
† Round the Rekin, a remarkable mountain in that neighbourhood.

*Sabrina**, softest nymph that glides along,
 Winding and various as her Farquhar's song,
 Indulgent smil'd, to bless the poet's toil,
 And streight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd
 the gen'rous soil.

Here--beauty beams, with social sweetness
 mix'd!

Here--true politeness has her standard fix'd!
 Here--let the muse her sacred numbers swell,
 And, here let sportive wit and gay drest humour
 dwell!

O may our secondary labours find
 The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
 So may Salopian plains, that bloom so gay,
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May.

* The poetical name for the river Severn.



An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by a Child of nine Years old.

AS the wise ones, within, have assur'd me it's
common,

For chits of my age to be aping the woman,

To prove that I've talents as well as another,

Good folks--I ran forward--in spite of my mother ;

Don't tell me, says I--they shall know how the
case is,

I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces ;

I was born a coquet--and by goles I'm not idle,

I can ogle already--look peevish and bridle,

And I'll practise new gestures each night and
each morning,

'Gainst I reach to my teens,—so I give ye fair
warning.

Tho'

Tho' I move ye, at present, with nothing but
laughter,

Look well to your hearts, beaux!--I'll swinge
ye hereafter;

Have patience, then, pray, and by practice grown
bolder,

I'll promise to please, if I live to grow older.





The BROKEN CHINA.

I.

SOON as the sun began to peep,
 And gild the morning skies,
 Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep
 Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
 That waited on her still,
 Had seiz'd her all the tedious night
 With visionary ill.

III.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
 Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid :
 What do these horrid dreams imply !
 My Cupid can't be dead !

Z

IV.

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

V.

And now the best of brittle ware,
Her sumptuous table grac'd:
The polish'd emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd!

VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat;
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd;
And bowing, took his seat.

VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup;
And, tempted by the forfeit ki
The humekin turn'd it

VIII.

VIII.

With transport he demands the prize;

Right fairly it was won!

With many a frown the fair denies:

Fond baits to draw him on!

IX.

A man must prove himself polite,

In such a case as this;

So Richard strives with all his might

To force the forfeit kiss.

X.

But as he strove—Oh, dire to tell!

(And yet with grief I must)

The table turn'd—the china fell,

A heap of painted dust!

XI.

O fatal purport of my dream!

The fair afflicted cry'd,

Occasion'd (I confess my shame)

By childishness and pride!

XII.

180 *The* BROKEN CHINA.

XII.

For in a kiss, or two, or three,

No mischief could be found!

Then had I been more frank and free,

My china had been found,



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On some **BUSSES** being fitted
out for the **HERRING FISHERY.**

O’ER the green waves, where Britain boasts
her sway,

Round the wide waste of our long slighted sea;

Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,

Let babbling Tritons to the sea gods tell :

“ Britain’s at last grown conscious of her shame,
“ Britain awakes her ravish’d rights to claim,
“ Britain—see pale Batavians trembling at the
name.”

Abash’d—confounded—let the dull myn-
heer,

No more between our sacred banks appear!

Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,
Rifle our wedded waves before our face!

Feast

Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse,
And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows!

No, Br itons, no—George, and your genius
smile,

And new-born beauties rise propitious to your
ill!



ODE *on the* K. of PRUSSIA.

R E C I T.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That through the starry region strays :
From Zembla to the Torrid Zone,
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

A I R.

I.

Be banish'd from the books of fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done ;
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hanibal, or Philip's son :

Con'g

184 ODE on the K. of PRUSSIA.

Cou'd Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king!

II.

Where restless *Envy* can't explore,
Or flatter'd *Hope* presume to fly;
Fate bade victorious Fred'ric soar,
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapid bolts tremendous break,
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blasts that shake
The bosom of the frightened sea.
Could Greece, &c.

IV.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove
With impious rage, the giants try'd;
'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

ODE on the K. of PRUSSIA. +185

V.

While *Prudence* guides his chariot wheels,
Thro' *Virtue's* sacred paths they roll;
Immortal *Truth* his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

VI.

The vengeful lance *Britannia* weilds,
In consort with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roses in the fields,
Where *Gaul's* detested lillies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
'Twixt mighty George, and Prussia's King.

VII.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conq'ring Carthage sing,
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's King?



Which France or Britain planned there

O D E,

And Europe's chiefs in many regions

*Composed for the BIRTH-DAY of
the late Gen. Lord BLAKENEY.*

I.

THE muses harps, by *Concord* strung!
Loud let them strike the festal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.

Arise, paternal glory rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!

Like Britain's oak the hero stands:
The shield—the shelter of the brave!

The guardian o'er the British bands!
Arise, paternal, &c.

III.

III.

He wrests the wreath from *Richlieu's** brows;

Which *Fraud* or *Faction* planted there;

France to the gallant hero bows,

And Europe's chiefs his name revere.

Arise, paternal, &c.

IV.

With partial conquest on their side!

The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!

Rank, but inglorious in their pride,

To Blakeney, and his vanquish'd few.

Arise, paternal, &c.

V.

Hibernia†, with maternal care,

His labour'd statue lifts on high:

Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,

That Blakeney's name may never die!

Arise, paternal glory, rise!

And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

Sent

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Mahon.

† A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of Gen. Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

*Sent to Miss BELL H—, with a
Pair of Buckles.*

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part;
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

Happy there, with waggish play,
Tho' you revel day by day,
Like the donor, every night,
(Robb'd of his supreme delight)
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you'll be thrown aside.

DAPH-

189
DAPHNE: A SONG.

I.

NO longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continu'd coyness kills desire,
And famish'd passion dies.

Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of disdain,
You scorn'd my amorous tale.

II.

When Celia cry'd, how senseless she,
That has such vows refus'd;
Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.

The

The man's a fool that pines and dies,

Because a woman's coy:

The gentle bliss, that one denies,

A thousand will enjoy.

III.

Such charming words, so void of art,

Surprizing rapture gave;

And tho' the maid subdu'd my heart,

It ceas'd to be a slave.

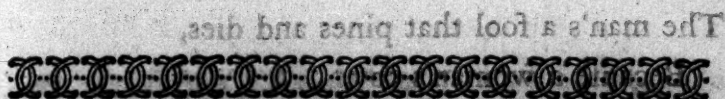
A wretch condemn'd, shall Daphne prove;

While blest without restraint,

In the sweet calendar of love

My Celia stands—a saint.





A S O N G.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest,
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

II.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend;
But ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

To CHLOE in an ill Humour.

I.

CONSIDER, sweet maid, and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast;
It is not an haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

II.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you;
But should a loud tempest arise,
The billows enrag'd wou'd affright you:
Loud objects of awful surprize!

II.

'Tis thus, when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of a fair;
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn *love* to despair.



The D A N C E.

ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
 Music calls us to delight :
 See the maids in measures move,
 Winding like the maze of love.
 As they mingle, madly gay
 Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread
 Rosy Cupid's native red ;
 And from ev'ry sparkling eye,
 Pointed darts at random fly.
 Love, and active YOUTH, advance
 Foremost in the sprightly dance.

B b

As

As the magic numbers rise,
 Through my veins the poison flies ;
 Raptures, not to be exprest,
 Revel in my throbbing breast.
 Jocund as we beat the ground,
 LOVE and HARMONY go round.

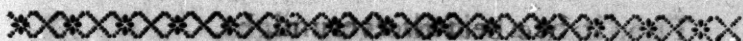
Every maid (to crown his bliss)
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss ;
 Such a kiss as might inspire
 Thrilling raptures,—soft desire :
 Such Adonis might receive,
 Such the queen of Beauty gave,
 When the conquer'd goddess strove
 (In the conscious myrtle grove)
 To inflame the boy with love.

Let not Pride our sports restrain,
 Banish hence, the Prude, DISDAIN !
 Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
 Think—ye rob yourselves of joy ;
 Every moment you refuse,
 So much extasy you lose :

Think

Think—how fast these moments fly :
If you should too long deny.
Love and Beauty both will die.

}



To a Young WIDOW.

LET bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And timid at untasted joy,
Through fearfulness refuse.

Will you—the pleasing conflict try'd,
Tho' sure to conquer—fly?
In you—the sacred zone unty'd!
'Tis peevish to deny.

But if, my fair, the widow's name
Hold gracious with you still,
The god of Love has form'd a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

If

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Opprest with warm desire:)
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

Thou'lt be a widow every night,
(Thy wond'rous pow'r confest!)

And as I die in dear delight,
My tomb shall be thy breast.



FORTUNE to HARLEQUIN.

In a Pantomime.

I.

FROM my favour, sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected :
Fortune, Harlequin hath found you,
Happinefs will, hence, surround you.

II.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,
Quick contrivance, this* bestows you :
Valour makes the fair adore you ;
This† shall drive your foes before you.

III.

* A Hat.

† A Sword.

III.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure !
Take this purse of magic treasure ;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.





A BIRTH-DAY ODE:

Performed in DUBLIN.

R E C I T.

HARK--how the soul of music reigns,
As when the first great birth of nature
sprung,
When chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the Cherubs sung:

A I R.

Hail--hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
 His lofty clarions roar;
 Till warlike echo fills with dread
 The hostile Gallic shore.

A I R.

Mark--how his name with terror fills!
 The magic sound rebellion kills,
 And brightens all the northern hills,
 Where pallid treasons dwell;
 The monster shall no more arise,
 Upon the ground she panting lies!
 Beneath his William's foot she dies,
 And now, she sinks to hell.

R E C I T.

Haste—let Jerne's harp be newly strung,
 And after mighty George be William sung.

A I R.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
 William stands the first in story:

He

He, with British ardour glows!

See--the pride of Gallia fading!

See--the youthful warrior leading

Britons, vengeful, to their foes!

R E C I T.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,

Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts;

While Stanhope smiles, her sons are blest,

In native loyalty confest!

A I R.

See--O see, thrice happy isle!

See what gracious George bestow'd;

Twice* you've seen a Stanhope smile,

These are gifts become a god!

How the grateful island glows!

Stanhope's name shall be rever'd;

Whilst by subjects, and by foes,

Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

C c

C H O-

* Earl of Chesterfield, and Earl of Harrington, both successively
Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

CHORUS.

Like Persians to the rising sun,

Respectful homage pay;

At George's birth our joys begun:

Salute the glorious day!

A : R.

See what gracious things bestow:

Twice, you've seen George smile,

These are gifts become a god!

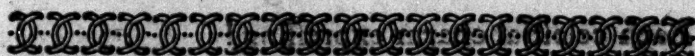
How the grateful island glows!

Stephens' name shall be rever'd,

While by us, and by foes,

Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

An



An irregular ODE on Music.

I.

CEASE, gentle sounds, nor kill me quite,
With such excess of sweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through ev'ry vital part;
A soft--a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein;
What--what does the enchantment mean? }
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire!
In soften'd raptures, now, I die!
Can empty sound such joys impart;
Can music thus transport the heart,
With melting ecstasy!

O art divine! exalted blessing!
 Each celestial charm expressing!
 Kindest gift the gods bestow!
 Sweetest good that mortals know!

III.

When seated in a verdant shade
 (Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd;
 The distant trees forsake the wood;
 The list'ning beasts neglect their food
 To hear the heav'nly sound;
 The Dryads leave the mountains,
 The Naiades quit the fountains,
 And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
 Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ;
 See what soft harmony can do!
 The moving rocks the sound pursue,
 Till in a large collected mass they grew:
 Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
 His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
 Apollo's harp unknown!
 The shepherd had remain'd of song
 The Deity alone.



A F R A G M E N T.

*Part of a Poem wrote on Miss BELLAMY,
when in Dublin.*

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms unty'd,
She soars with sacred nature for her guide:
The smile of peace--the wildness of despair--
The soft'ning sigh--the soul dissolving tear;
Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew,
Inchanting Bellamy revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,
To search the soul, and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected ease,
To form the yielding passions as you please!

Oldmixon's† charms, by melody impress'd,
May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;

But

† A Lady celebrated for singing.

But transient raptures must attend the wound,
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!

Or should Mechell†, all languishing advance,
Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,
(The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;
But breathing wit, with judgment must unite,
To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight.

† A Dancer then in Smock-Alley Theatre.





On a very young L A D Y.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot :
 How sweet will be the summer fruit !
 Let us behold the infant rose ;
 How fragrant when its beauty blows !
 The morning smiles, serenely gay :
 How bright will be the promis'd day !
 Contemplate next the charming maid,
 In early innocence array'd !
 If, in the morning of her years,
 A lustre so intense appears,
 When time shall point her noontide rays,
 When her meridian charms shall blaze,
 None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

An



An INVITATION.

(Including the Characters of the particular Company that frequented Mr Buxton's elegant Country House, at Weston) The Family intending for London.

COME, *Daphne*, as the widow'd turtle true,
Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful
crew ;

Come, *Delia*,auteous as the new-born spring,
With song more soft than raptur'd angels sing ;

Let *Thyrsis*, in the bloom of summer's pride,
With folded arms, walk pensive by her side ;

Clarinda, come, like rosy morning fair,

Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere ;
On her shall *Cimon* gaze with rude delight,
Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite :

Do-

An INVITATION. 209

Dorinda next--her gay, good humour fled!
With silent steps, and grief-dejected head!
Palemon! see, his tuneless harp unstrung,
Is on the willow boughs neglected hung!
Come *Cælia*, sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains!
Rosetta, pride of the extended plains!
With *Phillis*, whose unripen'd charms display
A dawn, that promises the future day.
With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;
The conscious shades shall witness our despair:
To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late so gay,
Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray:
The joys we've lost, in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the social seat a long farewell.



FANNY *of the* DALE.

I.

LET the declining damask rose,
 With envious grief look pale;
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the dale.

II.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale;
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
 As Fanny of the dale?

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
 How faint their beauties, when compar'd
 With Fanny of the dale!

IV.

FANNY (of the DALE. 211

IV.

The willow binds Pastora's brows,

Her fond advances fail:

For Damon pours his warmest vows

To Fanny of the dale.

V.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,

And artless love prevail;

Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed,

With Fanny of the dale!



'Tis enough you could best witte come

XX

No end you can answer, reflections you've none

To Mr K—.

I.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
 You whisper and dance with the fair :
 But Merit advances, 'tis yours to give place ;
 Stand off, and at distance revere ;
 Nor teize the sweet maid with your jargon of
 chat,
 By her side as you saunter along ;
 Your *taste*--your *complexion*--your *this*--and your
that,
 Nor lisp out the end of your song.

II.

For folly, and fashion, you barter good sense,
 (If sense ever fell to your share)

'Tis

'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* com-
mence,

Laugh--loiter--and lie with an air.

No end you can answer, affections you've none,

Made only for prattle and play,

Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,

You'll die undistinguish'd away.



212 412 A P O L L O
Tis Apollo invites, with home ladies, (the mules)
We demand him from the hand of the gods
Be it known by the eye, from our helicon
To end you know, the gods you've some
**APOLLO, to the Company at
Harrowgate.**
Your Harrowgate was proceeding,
Produce fine, the taste, and good
preceding

FROM my critical court, at a quarterly meet-
ing,

To my Harrowgate subjects this embassy greet-
ing:

Whereas from the veteran poets complaint is,
Their works are no longer consider'd as dainties,
And Shakespear, and Congreve, and Farquhar
and others,

The tragical—comical—farcical brothers,
Petition us oft for some gents and some ladies;
(Our subjects, no doubt, since dramatic their trade
is.)

We govern their stational stage by direction,
And send 'em to you for your friendly protection;

'Tis

'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies, (the muses)
We denounce him *immensely* ill-bred that refuses.

Be it known by the bye, from our helicon
fountain,

Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,
Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding,
Produces fine sense, with true taste, and good
breeding.

Talk of taste—none but heathens would call
it in question:

Yet some insolent wits might advance a sugges-
tion!

While our deputies daily invite all the neigh-
bours,

But find no Mæcenæ to smile on their labours.

Thus far we've proceeded your favour to curry,
And could tell ye much more,—but we write
in a hurry.

A S O N G.

HE that Love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of delight.

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health?
Without Love, his tribute brings
Impotent, unmeaning things!

III.

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere;
Love, and Time united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

A S O N G.

(Sent to CHLOE with a Rose.)

Tune,—The Lass of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, every flower that blows
I pass'd unheeded bye,

Till this enchanting rose

Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;

It scented every breeze,

That wanton'd o'er the stream,

Or trembled through the trees,

To meet the morning beam.

II.

To deck that beauteous maid,

Its fragrance can't excel,

From some celestial shade

The damask charmer fell;

E c

And

And as her balmy sweets,
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The queen of *Beauty* greets
 The gentle queen of *Flowers*.





A F R A G M E N T.

To Mr Woods, Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

WHERE Mersey* rolls her wealth-bestowing waves,
 And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;
 Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides,
 Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning tides;
 Commerce--(paternal goddess!) sits serene,
 Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-top'd spire,
 Simple her seat—and artless her attire!
 Around attendant priests, in order wait,
 Guiltless of pomp, and ignorant of state;
 The Godhead's power, tho' unadorn'd, they own,
 And bend with incense--at her low-built throne.

Pal-

* The river Mersey, at Liverpool.

Pallas beheld—she quits the ambient skies,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries :

“ Is it for thee—my Woods!—to sit supine ;
“ (Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
“ Is it for thee—to whose mysterious hand,
“ Science—and sister Arts, obsequious stand,
“ Inglorious thus, to let a goddess pine ?
“ No throne!—no temple—no superior shrine !
“ Haste, haste ! command the well wrought co-
“ lumns rise,
“ And lift my favourite, Commerce, to the skies.”

* * * * *



PROLOGUE

*Spoke by Mr. WALLACE, on opening the
New Theatre at Newcastle, 1766.*

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth, to kill an evening's care;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these, the motly stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner, propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover, but in hopes of bliss?
To ev'ry question we'll reply with—yes.

Sup-

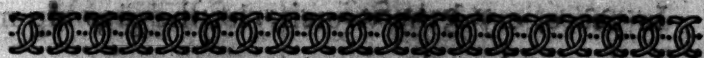
222 A P P R O L O G U E.

Suppose them gratified--their full delight,
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness--in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to her fav'rite seat.

O that the soul of Action were but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favour to supply the rest.





EPIGRAMS, &c.

An EPIGRAM.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
The Peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for :
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

A N O T H E R.

TO Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing
in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door ;

In

In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my
breath,

And *Fate* will soon rub out my score.

Come, bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll hamper this
cheat!)

Let the law be no longer delay'd,

I never once heard of that fellow call'd *Fate*,

And by G—d he sha'nt die till I'm paid.



A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honest Tom G—d* get rid of a
scold,

The torture, the plague of his life!

Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,

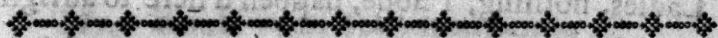
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, at an inn in Yorkshire.



A RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,
I've thoughtless flatter'd, what in truth I
hate.

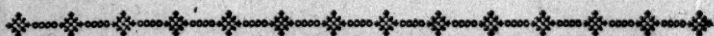


To DELIA.

SAY, my charmer, right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue :
Be sincere, or else deceive,
Say you love—and I shall believe.



F f The



*The following ACROSTICS were
wrote at the Request of the Two La-
dies who are the Subjects of them.*

PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the
Graces,
(On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their
places)
Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces:
Ladies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to affright
ye:

You've had compliment cards every day to in-
vite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious pro-
ceeding,

"Underhand, dear mamma, there's some mischief
a-breeding:

"There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,

"That your loves and your graces all swerve from
"their duty."

On my life, says dame Venus, I'll not be thus
put on,

Now I think on't, last night, some one call'd me
Miss Sutton.

A-

A N O T H E R.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows,
In the lap of northern snows ;
Deserts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(Only let the nymph be there)
Wreaths of budding sweets would wear.

MAY would every fragrance bring,
All the vernal bloom of spring :
Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
Dancing, would attend their queen :
Every flower that nature spreads,
Rising where the charmer treads !

On Mr CHURCHILL's death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead ;
Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
Old *Rancour* the report hath spread,
But *Genius* cannot die.

{E}*{8}*{X}*{8}*{8}*{X}*{8}*{8}*{X}*{8}*{8}*{X}*{8}*{E}

APOLLO—*To Mr C——F——, on
his being satirized by an ignorant
Person.*

W Hether he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine;
I wish, my friend, a nobler lot,
Than that of trampling vermin.
A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him:
As you've some common sense to spare,
I'll pay you what you lend him.

APOLLO.

On seeing J——C——ft, Esq; a-
bused in a Newspaper.

W HEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shews his want of shame.

Busy,

Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot!

Vilest of the venal crews!

Go—and in your Grubstreet garret,

Hang yourself and paltry muse.

Pity too the meddling finner,

Should for hunger hang or drown;

F——x, (he must not want a dinner)

Send the scribbler half a crown.

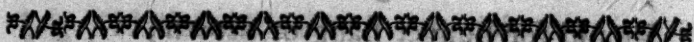
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*On hearing DAVID HUME, Esq;
particularly admired in a Com-
pany of petit Maitres.*

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
And sensible of song!

When

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
 With true pathetic fire,
 Unfolds the philosophic page,
 The very beaux admire.



A CHARACTER.

THE muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,
 He's captain at once to four different kings;
 And tho' in their battles he boldly behaves,
 To their queen's he's a cull, and a dupe to their
 knaves;

Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chase,
 Young Hobbinsol's hunting the critical ace:
 On feasts or on fasts, tho' the parson exclaim,
 Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game.
 Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold,
 For he's always at church—when a tythe's to be
 fold.

EPIGRAPH *for Dean SWIFT's*
Monument.

Executed by Mr P. CUNNINGHAM,
Statuary in Dublin.

SAY to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis a sanction from the Drapier's name,
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM.

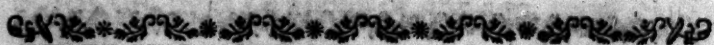
COULD Kate for Dick compose the gordian
string,

The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,

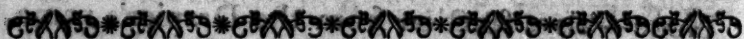
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

An



An Apology for a certain Lady.

TO an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
 The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid;
 Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
 If the dull rules of duty are forgot;
 Whatever ills from her defection rise,
 The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties.



On GOLD.

BEAUTY's a bawble, a trifle in price!
 'Tis glass, or 'tis something as glaring;
 But set it in gold—'tis so wonderful nice,
 That a prince shall be proud in the wearing.
 How feeble the transport when passion is gone,
 How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
 When kissing--and cooing--and toying are done,
 'Tis gold must enliven the lover.

T I M E.

TO CHLOE, on a Charge of
Inconstancy.

HOW can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.

See the proud aspiring oak,

Falls beneath the fatal stroke:

If on *Beauty's* cheek he preys,

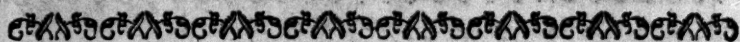
Straight the rosy bloom decays:

Joy puts out his lambent fires,

And at *Time's* approach--expires.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?





On Alderman W——.

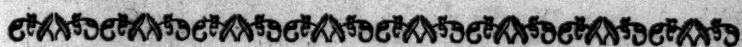
The History of his Life.

THAT he was born, it cannot be deny'd,
He eat, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.

An ELEGY on his Death.

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true, we have cause to lament;
Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.
On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head,
(When he mingled with shadows so grim)
These words may be ev'ry day read,
"Here lies the late Alderman WHIM."

From



*From the Author to a celebrated
Methodist Preacher.*

I.

HYPOCRISY's son!
No more of your fun,
A truce with fanatical raving:
Why censure the stage?
'Tis known to the age,
That both of us thrive by--deceiving.

II.

'Tis frequently said,
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other bespatter:
But trust me they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools;
So let's have no more of the matter.

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

JOHN H. H. H.

H. H. H.

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